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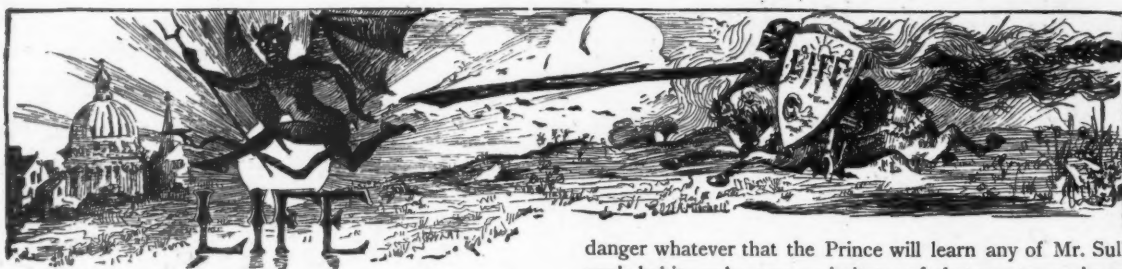
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THE ORIGINAL PRODIGY.

FROM A MEDAL DISCOVERED IN THE RUINS OF A THEATRE AT PATMOS.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XI. JANUARY 5, 1888. No. 262.

28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5.00 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., \$1.50 per number; Vol. II., 25 cents per number; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII., VIII., IX. and X. at regular rates.

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DANIEL MANNING'S untimely death was not less pathetic than that of Judge Folger. Both cut short their lives in the same laborious department of the public service. Judge Folger's last days were saddened by undeserved political defeat, but Mr. Manning broke down in the full tide of victory and while his praises hung on all men's lips. But death makes all things equal, and deep and sincere as the mourning was for Folger is now the public grief for Manning. For it is not victory or defeat that makes a man lamented, but courage and fidelity to the interests entrusted to his charge.

We called Mr. Manning's death untimely. That is because he was still in the prime of life, and had his health and strength been such as his years warranted, his wisdom and experience might have benefited the state for many years to come. But whatever might have been his future work, he could hardly have made his name more distinguished or his place in history more sure. His monument is the present administration and the work it has accomplished. Of him, as of no other man, it can be said, that the election of Mr. Cleveland was his work. It was a great achievement, and in view of its results history will record that Manning did a manful work before his burdens crushed him.

IT is painful to learn that his urbane Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has allowed his admired affability to get him into hot water. Rumors have trickled under the Atlantic that his royal mother has heard with extreme disapproval of the intimacy with Professor Sullivan of Boston, and has not been backward in expressing her disgust.

There are several circumstances that should influence the Queen to put bounds to her displeasure. For one thing, her offspring suffered no whit of physical detriment from his interview with the big American, and she will be lucky if all her subjects can say as much. And further, there is no

danger whatever that the Prince will learn any of Mr. Sullivan's habits or become an imitator of that great man in any of his specialties. There are much more dangerous associates for the Queen's sons among the Queen's subjects than Sullivan.

WE notice with gratification the daily efforts of the esteemed *Sun* to set the esteemed *World* right as to matters of news. *LIFE* wishes that all its contemporaries were imbued with the same earnest purpose to buttress truth and make it prevail.

OF all recipients of holiday remembrances not one makes a showing to be compared with that of Pope Leo XIII. His Holiness opportunely combined a jubilee anniversary with the usual attractions of the holiday season, and his "takings" are said to amount to fifteen millions of dollars. Among other remembrances, he is reported to have received 70,000 chasubles, 11,000 crucifixes, and 8,000 gold and silver cups. From which it appears as if all the establishments in Europe for the exchange of duplicate presents might have their capacity tested. But possibly the Pope can use all these things in his business just as they are. *LIFE* hopes so, and begs to assure the Roman pontiff of its sympathy and esteem.

HAPPY New Year to you, Mr. Burgess. *LIFE* is delighted to know that you had a Christmas present from New York. Ten thousand dollars, dear sir, is a comfortable sum, but it doesn't materially lessen the debt that all good Americans think they owe you.

AMERICAN newspaper men will learn, with feelings not to be expressed, the news that the city editor of the London *Times* died last week, and left an estate worth about £150,000 behind him. City editors on this side of the Atlantic are wondering if legitimate opportunities of blackmail are so much more frequent in London than in New York.

THE Codman will was broken. A good thing! A lifetime is long enough for misbehavior.

LIFE is not sure whether it is permitted to say "the toboggan lifts its head amongst us once more;" but certainly the toboggan is out again, and experience teaches that once the toboggan begins to operate it is only a matter of time when it will lift its head and spill its load over its stern. Nevertheless, it is a useful institution, and its appearance among American winter sports is welcome.

A REVEREND ICONOCLAST.



HE Rev. Dr. Hall probably felt he was doing a pious deed when he told the little children who were so unfortunate as to listen to him last Christmas Eve that there was no such being as Santa Claus. If this reverend gentleman could convert some of his wrought-iron piety into a greater desire to see others happy, he would not only be a broader man but he would also run less risk of making himself ridiculous. What a genial, sunshiny world we should have if the earth were peopled with Dr. Halls!

Give the little ones a chance, Reverend Doctor, and although you were probably never a child yourself, try and have some respect for those ideas which you have not sufficient imagination to enjoy.

IN A STORAGE WAREHOUSE.

GENTLEMAN (*who has stored*): I suppose you have taken all precautions in case of a fire?

OWNER OF WAREHOUSE: You bet we have; we always keep a pailful of water standing in the hall.

STRANGER: There are several art galleries in New York; but if you desire to inspect the facial lineaments of our most prominent citizens we recommend the Rogue's Gallery as the most satisfactory.

The sole requirement for admission is a murder or some other light crime. You may suit yourself in this respect.



THOSE WHO ARE FOND OF SPORT SHOULD VISIT THE HUNTING-GROUNDS ON BROADWAY ANYWHERE BETWEEN PRINCE AND FOURTH STREETS, AND SEE THE PURSUIT AND CAPTURE OF A SOUTHERN OR WESTERN BUYER FOR A CLOTHING HOUSE.



NO CONCEALMENT.

Early Morning Caller: WHERE IS YOUR AUNTIE, ALICE?

Alice: SHE IS UP STAIRS IN HER NIGHTGOWN, LOOKING OVER THE BALUSTER.

STRIKING A BALANCE.

BAGLEY: Ha, Gagley, squaring up accounts for the year?  
GAGLEY (*gloomily*): Yes.

BAGLEY: Hope you come out well.

GAGLEY: Well, I've put ten thousand into the bank.

BAGLEY: That isn't so bad. I don't see why you look so glum.

GAGLEY: Don't, eh? Why, confound it, I've drawn out over thirteen thousand!





### A REMINISCENCE

OF A CHRISTMAS MORN.

'T WAS the night before Christmas, and all through the Flat  
 Not a creature was stirring, not even a rat ;  
 I'd just had my night-cap, and had laid down to snooze,  
 Lulled gently to rest by the Quakertown News.  
 When all of a sudden there came a great noise  
 That sounded at first like the seventh-floor boys—  
 A composite noise like the oath of a cabby  
 Superimposed on the second-floor babby.  
 I flew to the window, but paused in my flight  
 At the words that came down from the chimney's vast height :  
 " Confound these apartments with fam'lies in layers !  
 Their flues are too long, they've too many stairs ;  
 It takes me all night to get through with a single  
 Modern flat-house. As my name is Kris Kingle,  
 I swear I'll give over the bus'ness retail—  
 I'll sublet the reindeers, and go it wholesale !"  
 And then came a silence, oppressive and deep—  
 A silence so still you could hear willows weep—  
 When a bad, wicked word crept down through the flue,  
 And the atmosphere changed from a black to a blue ;  
 The Saint of the Yule, in the dim light of dawn,  
 Had made a mistake and profoundly had sworn ;  
 For instead of the chimney he'd dropped thro' the shaft,  
 Where elevators run, and where strong is the draught.  
 And when the sun peeped through a little cloud rift,  
 Old Santa emerged from the top of the lift,  
 And remarked to the kittens, the mice and the cats,  
 " In Clausville, hereafter, we'll boycott the flats."

MR. WILLIAM WINTER, the dramatic critic of the  
*New York Tribune*, was attacked by two rough-  
 looking men on his way home Tuesday night.

Mr. Winter managed to escape before discovering whether  
 his assailants were Henry Irving and Wilson Barrett or  
 Edwin Booth and Billy Florence.

IF Mr. Cleveland is really desirous of reducing the surplus  
 the easiest plan he can pursue is to appoint a few of  
 our most noted financiers to vacant offices in the Treasury.  
 Indeed, a full Cabinet on the "Reduce the Surplus" plat-  
 form, could be made up of such men as E. B. Harper, Fer-  
 dinand Ward, the President of the Continental Life Insur-  
 ance Company of Hartford, James D. Fish, Napoleon Ives  
 and others. The seat of government could be removed to  
 Montreal. Thus the surplus could be reduced, to the joy of  
 the Democrat, and the high taxes could be maintained to  
 console the Republican.

A scheme that pleases everybody should be at once adopted  
 by an official who claims to be the President of the whole  
 people.

THE dramatic critic of the *Century* classes *Mephistopheles*  
 as one of Mr. Irving's failures. Our contemporary  
 might add to this a devout wish that some of our own actors  
 were capable of failing in so artistic a fashion.

OUR friend Saphead thinks one of the greatest dangers in  
 the new silver certificate is that an ordinary counter-  
 feiter can easily change a five-dollar bill into a two-dollar  
 certificate, without fear of detection.

The Government should look into this.

THERE are two kinds of clubs, social and constabulary,  
 and they are both efficacious in knocking a man out.



REDUCING THE SURPLUS.

WHEN Mrs. Spriggins read in the morning papers that  
 there was a strike among "Reading Men," she  
 remarked that she didn't wonder, "there is so much bad  
 reading nowadays."

A MAN died last week from the effects of tobogganing.  
 This miscellaneous chuting should be stopped.

OUR esteemed contemporaries, the Saints of New York,  
 have secured an injunction against the Sunday ex-  
 hibition of a highly immoral lot of architectural designs.  
 Let the good work proceed. The bare steeples of the  
 Dutch Reformed, Presbyterian and Episcopal churches, the  
 ornate architecture of the Vanderbilt mansions, with all  
 their naked suggestiveness, have offended the Sabbath eye  
 of public decency for many a long day and should be sup-  
 pressed. May the Saints preserve our souls from sin by  
 covering these foul and aggressive foes to holy living from  
 our sight !

OVERHEARD ON THE CALAIS PACKET.

"MONSIEUR is English, perhaps?"

This remark was made by a dapper little Frenchman to a fellow passenger on one of the boats plying between Dover and Calais, the latter having opened the conversation by an observation on the weather.

"Not much," was the reply, "I'm American."

"Monsieur must pardon me. Ah, America is ze great country! Monsieur is a Senator, doubtless?"

"Not yet. I'm thinking of buying a seat in the Senate, though, soon. At present I'm in the millionaire trade."

The Frenchman's eyes opened wide, as he replied:

"Ah, America has so many millionaires!"

"You are just right. There are perfect mobs of us."

This remark Johnny Crapeau hardly understood, he not having learned the word "mobs." He elevated his eyebrows and the "millionaire" continued:

"I made a clean two million dollars this year in a silver mine. There were seven of us in the company. We had a man in the far West, in the extreme western end of Staten Island, prospecting. Well, he uncovered the biggest hoard of pay dirt ever seen. Why, actually, the silver lay nineteen feet thick, and the vein extended two miles! Of course, we couldn't help becoming wealthy."

"Merveilleux!"

"Just so, only more so. The yield of that mine is something extraordinary. Why, sir, we run a train of forty-seven

freight cars loaded with the metal into New York every day. The people gather in thousands to see it arrive."

"Magnifique!"

"Speaking of millionaires," went on the valuable specimen, "there were thirty-two of them on board the *Umbria* on her last trip—no, there were thirty-three—I had forgotten myself. We played for high stakes, I can tell you, at our afternoon games. Bonanza Mackay won \$950,000 from John Jacob Astor at one sitting—that's 46,500,000 of your francs."

The Frenchman's expressions of surprise were cut short by announcements of fabulous sums which changed hands between Cornelius Vanderbilt, A. T. Stewart, George W. Childs, Chauncey M. Depew, and other wealthy men dead and alive.

"Monsieur surprises me!"

"Quite likely. By the way, I'll tell you a secret, if you don't mind," added the millionaire, becoming confidential.

The Frenchman was willing.

"Nearly all those millionaires who came over in the *Umbria* are going to Paris on this boat."

"Ah!" The Frenchman looked around to see the magnates.

"Of course this information will go no farther. They are traveling incognito, and wouldn't have their identity known for wagon-loads of money. If everybody knew them, you can readily see they'd have no peace."



SMEARLY IS TRYING TO GET SOME DEEP RELIGIOUS FEELING INTO HIS WORK, WHEN—

"Monsieur is right."

"That little man tipped against the foremast is Bonanza Mackay, who bought up all the gold mines in the United States, week before last."

Johnny Crapeau gazed earnestly on the personification of wealth before him, until the American directed his attention to a tall man coming forward with a lady on his arm.

"Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt. Bill made a carload of money developing a soap mine in Butler County, Pennsylvania. It is a most wonderful property. The soap comes up in a semi-liquid state, and is readily transformed into different varieties, from the coarsest laundry soap to the finest toilet article."

"Eet ees wonderful!"

"On the bridge there, talking to the Captain, is John Rockefeller, President of the Standard Oil Company. His income is \$98,752 a day. He told me so only half an hour ago, so I can give you the exact figures. That's about half a million francs. Rocky struck a very fat thing when he discovered how to turn the refuse from his petroleum refineries into the finest grade of sugar. Then all the chewing gum consumed in America is made from petroleum refuse, too."

"Ciel!"

"John Jacob Astor is aboard the boat somewhere. He has a soft snap in his Lake Superior seal fisheries, which he bought from the government twenty years ago. He catches two thousand seals a day in the season, and never lets a skin go until it is made into garments. He gets all the profit there is in it."

"Merveilleux!"

That man who just nodded to me is George W. Childs. He owns a newspaper in Philadelphia noted for its poetry regarding deceased persons—obituary poetry we call it. It is generally believed that he writes it himself and gets paid for it, but he told me himself that was a mistake. Other people write the poetry, and then he charges according to its badness, to let it go in the paper. Occasionally he gets some so terrible that he has to charge \$100 a line for it. Childs also has a natural champagne well on his farm in Chester County, which produces 200 dozen a day, week in and week out."

Johnny Crapeau's vocabulary of exclamations of surprise having been exhausted, he now merely gazed at the millionaire as the latter went on:

"There is Chauncey M. Depew talking to A. T. Stewart. I'd just like to know what scheme they are concocting. I'll bet my bottom dollar it would be worth big money to know what Alec just told Chauncey; those two men own nearly all the railways in the United States. Well, there are about six they don't own, and if they have just concluded to buy some of them, as is most likely, I'd like to gobble a few thousand shares."

"Has not Monsieur money enough?"

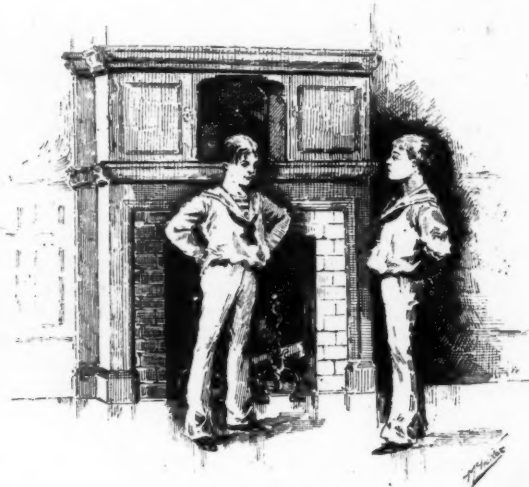
"Oh, yes; but after one gets his hand in, he likes to grab some more. I wouldn't mind making an extra five hundred

thousand, just to give to the poor. But I must go now, I see John Wanamaker over there, and we were going to talk over the dry-goods business for awhile."

"One moment, please. Would Monsieur object to telling me his name?"

"Certainly not; but keep it quiet. I'm Jay Gould."

Wm. H. Siviter.



Visitor (to Johnny who has told a falsehood): DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOU WILL GO IF YOU TELL STORIES?

Johnny: YES, 'CAUSE I HEARD THEM SING ABOUT THE "LYRES OF HEAVEN," IN CHURCH LAST SUNDAY.



### BOOKS AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR LIFE.

Books are good enough in their own way, but they are a mighty bloodless substitute for life. It seems a pity to sit, like the Lady of Shalott, peering into a mirror, with your back turned on all the bustle and glamour of reality.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

THERE is the whole case against the "literary life" in a nutshell. It is the frank acknowledgment of a man of letters that there is something more in life than fine dreams and the deft expression of them. We have now and then alluded to this longing for action which takes possession of so many writers and thinkers of the first rank; it made Carlyle, Thackeray Macaulay, John Morley, Sheridan and Disraeli ambitious for an entrance into public life, and some of them found the way thither. Sincerity is a part of the mental furniture of all great writers, and yet not one of them can be perfectly sincere without being conscious of the necessary hypocrisy of his attitude toward life. When he looks into his heart he finds that he belongs to that improvident class of individuals who dream of actions but lack the



*Visitor*: DON'T YOU MISS YOUR LITTLE NEPHEW VERY MUCH, FREDDIE?  
*Freddie (whose nephew died the week before)*: YES, I MISS HIM VERY MUCH,  
 BUT I LIKE TO BE THE UNCLE TO AN ANGEL.

energy for their execution. He is one of those faint-hearted creatures who cheer a regiment on the march to battle, but send substitutes to do their own fighting.

FROM another point of view the comparison is perhaps an unfair one. The earnest man of letters would say, possibly, that he is more like a good commanding officer who stands on rising ground whence he can see the battlefield and intelligently direct the movements of his men whose vision is obscured by the smoke and dust of the conflict. He might add that it is easier and more exhilarating to take a hand in the fight than to stand quietly aside while the shells are whistling around.

After all, there have been books made which demanded as much executive faculty as is expended in the building of a railroad; and some of them have brought as much happiness and prosperity to a people as a great Trunk Line.

BUT, to take a third bearing on the whole question of books and newspapers—is it not true that even the best of them disturbs life? It is not the misery and happiness which comes within the personal experience of a man which breeds despair and envy. When he observes life at close hand he sees the infinite compensations and adjustments of it. But to absorb the crime of the world from a single page

of a newspaper while he is eating a roll and an egg staggers his faith and his optimism; to read in half a column the successes of a great career (which was really three-score years of arduous, self-denying toil) makes him envious; from printer's devil to Secretary of the Treasury seems like a freak of good luck as he reads the story between stations on the Elevated. It is only when one generalizes about humanity that it takes the form of imp or angel.

BRANDER MATTHEWS and George H. Jessop have constructed a bright and ingenious novelette which appears in *Lippincott's* for January under the title "Check and Counter-Check." It is the story of four indorsements, which is not fully explained till the last paragraph. The characters are lightly sketched, and some amusing glimpses of New York life are given. The action takes place within twenty-four hours, and is rapid enough to carry the reader along entertainingly.

*Droch.*

NEW BOOKS.

*FAIRY TALES AND STORIES.* By Hans Christian Andersen. Translated by Carl Sumers. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.  
*How to Succeed as a Stenographer or Type-writer.* By Arthur M. Baker. New York: Fowler & Wells Co.  
*Philadelphia Record Almanac.* Philadelphia: Record Co.  
*Representative Etchings.* By Artists of To-day in America. New York: F. A. Stokes.





THE MILLENNIUM ERIC.

WHEN THE NOXIOUS PUBLISHER SHALL BE DONE AWAY THE A





NIUMERICAN AUTHORS.

AWAY THE AUTHOR SHALL DEAL DIRECTLY WITH HIS PUBLIC.



I KNOW it is an awful thing to confess, but I cannot help it. Whenever I go to see a nice old tragedy, rich with the flavor of age, such abominably modern thoughts force themselves upon me, that, try as I will, I cannot lose myself in the play.

The other night, at the Academy of Music, I was a fraction of the delighted audience that welcomed Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett to the city, and applauded their magnificent work in "Julius Cæsar." Anything more impressive than this production I have never seen—and yet I could not imagine myself a Roman, or thoroughly sympathize with the gentlemen who wore tunics and legs, and were supposed to be a Roman mob.

People who speak in blank verse never seem living creatures to me. I can admire the beauty of the language, and the force of the delivery, but it is all such evident acting that I never can forget the fact, though I suppose I ought to be able to do so.

When I hear *Calphurnia* talking about "drizzled blood upon the capitol," the noise of battle "hurtling" in the air, and saying it all in such lovely metre, I cannot help wondering whether she knew how to cook *Brutus* a beefsteak, or, if she had any idea how long it took to boil eggs. Now, *Brutus* must have thought about his meals—I don't care how heroic a man is, he must dine—but I defy anybody to imagine Mr. and Mrs. *Brutus* discussing household matters. I paraphrased mentally, the other night, in order that my horribly modern mind might be satisfied. Here is the result of a fragment of this work:

## SHAKESPEARE.

*Por.* : Brutus, my lord!  
*Brn.* : Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise you now?  
 It is not for your health thus to commit  
 Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.  
*Por.* : Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, Brutus,  
 Stole from my bed; and yesternight at supper,  
 You suddenly arose and walked about,  
 Musing and sighing, with your arms across,  
 And when I asked you what the matter was  
 You stared upon me with ungentle looks.  
 I urged you further; then you scratched your head.

## PARAPHRASE.

*Por.* : Hallo, Brutus!  
*Brn.* : Portia, what the deuce do you mean by getting up so disgustingly early. You know quite well you've had pneumonia, and yet you come out in this beastly weather.  
*Por.* : Brutus, you're another. You jumped up suddenly without warning me. Last night at dinner, you got up from the table and paced up and down the room, sighing and crossing your arms. When I asked you what this behavior meant, you put your glass in your eye and stared me out of countenance.  
 I begged for the favor of an explanation; then you rubbed your nose.

When they came to the "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears," I felt quite at home, however, as I used to recite it beautifully.

There is no doubt, however, that "Julius Cæsar" will be a great success at the Academy of Music. Booth and Barrett in harmony were simply magnificent, and the supers were the best drilled men I have ever seen. The production is undoubtedly the event of the theatrical season.

Alan Dale.

## NOT THIS TIME.



# THE COMING RACE.

*Father:*

THIS fast-degenerating age  
When young men crimp their hair in curls;  
Wear corsets, bracelets: I'll engage  
They'll dress ere long just like the girls!

*Mother:*

But there's some compensation, dear,  
Each girl a tailor now employs;—  
High collars, scarfs and mannish gear:—  
Soon we can't tell the girls from boys!

*Dexter Smith.*

# A TALL STORY FROM THE WEST.

THAT most charming writer Charles Dudley Warner, in a delightful sketch of Southern California entitled "The Golden Hesperides," in the current issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*, has the following tale of the richness of the Western soil:

There is nothing that will grow anywhere in the world—except, perhaps, certain great staples—that will not grow there in greater abundance and perfection: oranges, lemons, limes, peaches, nectarines, grapes, figs, almonds, olives, Madeira nuts, every edible vegetable known to woman—perhaps even grass might be raised by constant and excessive irrigation. Happening one night into the Pullman smoking-room, after days of travel through the Sahara wastes of New Mexico and Arizona, I chanced to hear fragments of a conversation between a man familiar with the region and a new-comer, who was evidently a little discouraged by the endless panorama of sand and dry sagebrush.

"Anything grow along here?"

"Everything, sir, everything! the most productive soil on God Almighty's earth. All it wants is water."

"Fruits?"

"Fruits? I should say so. Every sort that's known. This country, right here, is going to beat the world in fruits."

"Melons?"

"Well, yes;" relapsing into candor and confession, "no; the fact is, melons don't do so well here. They ain't apt to be good. The vines grow so fast that the melons are bumped along over the ground and bruised."

"Ah?" without any sign of surprise.

"Yes," without a smile, and with evident desire to keep back no part of the truth, even if it were an afterthought; "if you want to pick a melon in this country you have to get on horseback."

Horace Greeley should have heard this story. Had he been so fortunate he would doubtless have told the young men of the land to Go West and Learn the True Art of Journalism.

# REMARKABLE PRESENCE OF MIND.

PAT HOOLIHAN, while slating the roof of one of our highest buildings, lost his footing and fell.

Over and over he went until within twenty-five feet of the pavement, when he struck a telegraph wire and managed to grasp it, first with one hand, then with both.

"Hang on for your life, Pat!" shouted his fellow-workmen, and the bystanders rushed to the nearest dwelling for a mattress.

Pat held on for a few seconds, when suddenly, with a cry of "Shtand from Undher!" he dropped and lay senseless in the street.

Whiskey was used and Pat finally came to.

When asked why he did not hold out longer he feebly replied:

"Oi wuz afraid the woire 'ud break."

He recovered.









THE RESULT OF GROPING IN THE DARK.

SMITH: Hello, Jones! you don't look very well this morning.  
JONES: And I don't feel as well as I look. Got up in the middle of the night to take some pills and swallowed four collar-buttons before I found out the mistake.—*fudge.*

EDITOR'S SANCTUM.

CONTRIBUTOR: Here is a little article which I wish to submit to the editorial—

EDITOR (with a graceful wave of the hand): Very sorry; we are full just now.

CONTRIBUTOR: Very well; I will call again when some of you are sober.—*Ex.*

A GENTLEMAN once saw a boy peeling the bark from one of his choice trees with a hatchet. The gentleman tried to catch the boy, but the latter was too quick for him, so the farmer changed his tactics. "Come here, my little son," he said, in a soft, flute-like voice with counterfeited friendliness, "come here to me a minute. I want to tell you something." "Not yet," replied the recipient, "little boys like me don't need to know everything."—*Texas Siftings.*

AN advertisement reads—"Wanted, a young man to be partly out of doors and partly behind the counter;" and a lady has written to ask, "What will be the result when the door slams?"—*Ex.*

CONDUCTOR (to *darkey* with his head out of the window): See here, Sambo, you pull your head in out of that window mighty quick!

SAMBO: Wha-wha-what's de mattah, sir?

CONDUCTOR: You'll knock down a bridge presently, and the company will hold me responsible.—*Epoch.*

The telephone, it is said, is not making much progress in Russia. And no wonder; fancy a man going to the 'phone and yelling:

"Hel-lo! Is that you, Dvisostkivchsmartvoiczski?"

"No. It's Zollemschouskaffirnockenstiffsgowoff. Who's speaking?"

"Sezmochocwiertrjuaksmzyskischokemoff. I want to know if Xliferomanskeffiskillmajuwchzvastowskweibierski is still stopping with Dvisostkivchsmartvoiczski."

Such nomenclature over the telephone would tie the wire full of knots, and twist the enunciator all out of shape. Until the kinks are ironed out of the Russian names the telephone will not be an overwhelming success in the land of the Czar.—*Calcutta Times.*

At a dinner at the Mansion House three foreign consuls were present whom the Lord Mayor wished to honor by drinking their healths. He accordingly directed the toast-master to announce the healths of "the three present consuls." He however, mistaking the words, gave out the following—"The Lord Mayor drinks the healths of the Three per cent. Consols."—*Salt Lake Gazetteer.*

OBSERVING LITTLE GIRL: Mamma, who is that young man on the other side of the tram?

MAMMA: I don't know, dear. Why?

OBSERVING LITTLE GIRL: He looks so queer. He has three eyebrows!

MAMMA: How do you make that out?

OBSERVING LITTLE GIRL: He has one over each eye, and one over his mouth.—*Singapore Review.*



**DANDRUFF**  
should never be neglected,  
because its natural end is in  
**BALDNESS.**

The chief requirement of the hair is cleanliness—thorough shampooing for women once a fortnight, and for men once a week. The best agent for the purpose is

**PACKER'S TAR SOAP.**



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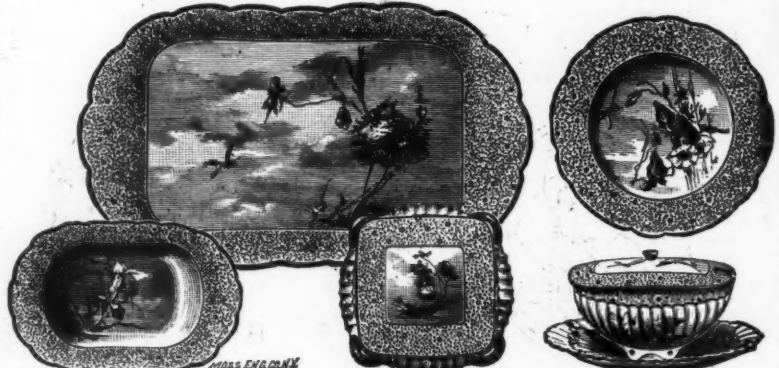
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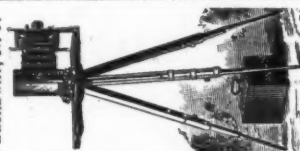
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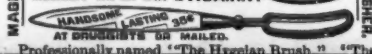


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